

The Register

December 1911



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Boston Latin School
R E G I S T E R

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXI., No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1911

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS: Sixty cents per year; by mail, seventy cents. Single Copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from undergraduates. All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Ave., Boston

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by MAYHEW PUBLISHING CO., 100 Ruggles St., Boston.

A PLEA FOR CLEAN FOOT-BALL.

WHILE on a trip through Maine last summer, I stopped for a week at a quaint little town, which I fancied more for its people than for any historical importance it might claim. The townsfolk made up a jovial party, readily receiving newcomers, and I soon felt at ease in their midst. I had not spent many days there, before I noticed three persons who seemed not to care for outside company, but who always stayed together, content to be by themselves. This surprised me not a little when I reflected

upon the excellent company which they might have enjoyed.

The central figure of the three was a young man, probably about twenty-five years old, confined to a wheel-chair. This young man was a massive fellow, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with well-formed body, and had altogether a different look from the cripples whom we are accustomed to see in wheel-chairs. The second member was one of those calm, self-possessed matrons whose silver hair and stately manners univer-

sally command respect and admiration. She appeared to be the young man's mother. The third was a girl, a little younger than the young man, tall, dark, and unusually attractive, a true American type. The most noticeable thing about these three was not their personal appearance, but their attitude toward one another. They were in perfect harmony, the two women doing everything possible for the young man, and seeming to think only of his welfare. He, in turn, bore everything cheerfully, and endeavored to make it as easy as possible for his companions.

One evening, in a talk with a fellow-guest, the conversation turned to them, and I was prompted by my desire to learn more about them, to ask him what kept this strong-looking fellow in the wheel-chair.

"Well," he replied, "I have heard you mention athletics several times since your arrival, so I presume that you are a follower of football. No doubt you will remember that the game between the Coleford and Verndale College football teams last year was to decide the championship of the East. Neither team had been scored against, and each was confident of victory. Rivers, the full-back and captain for Coleford, was the mainstay of his team, but opposed to him, was a strong line of hard, stocky players, who had been throughout the season for their ability to smother line plunges. Coleford supporters said, 'Just wait till Rivers hits that line — he'll smash it up!' and Verndale 'fans' protested, 'We have the better line, and we'll wipe 'em up!'

"On the day of the great game, the Coleford grounds were filled to overflowing by gay thousands who had come from far and wide to witness this great struggle. The preliminary practise had been gone through, the cheering sections had already begun to get hoarse, and the profound silence just before the kick-

off had set in. The players were impatiently awaiting the signal to start. Rivers braced himself for the fray, unconsciously looking toward the crimson stand, to where he knew his mother and sister were sitting. Yes, they were there! Well, he would play harder than ever to-day, for it was his last game for Coleford, and the last time that his mother and sister, his only living relatives, could see him play.

"The whistle blew, the ball was kicked, the Verndale runner was downed in his tracks by Rivers himself. Then the great Verndale line began to push down the field, and it was Rivers, always Rivers, playing secondary defence, who plunged in and stopped them. It was not until they had reached their opponent's thirty yard line that Coleford 'braced' and held them for downs. Here Rivers dropped back to kick, and drove the ball far down the field, but this time Verndale was held in check and, in her turn, forced to kick. The first quarter ended with a succession of kicks, in which Coleford had the better of it. The famous Verndale line had been tested!

"In the second quarter, Coleford's was the aggressive team. She began by taking the ball up the field, using a forward pass successfully, and a series of plays centering around Rivers. When it was second down and eight yards to go, Rivers was the man called. When a yard was needed, Rivers was the man to get it. Indeed, whenever distance was wanted, Rivers had to carry the ball. Bang, bang, bang, he smashed into the line, crashing through, staggering on a few steps, and then going down under several blue-jerseyed men. Rivers carried the ball more than half the time, and gained on nearly every play, but finally Verndale stiffened and held Coleford for downs, taking the ball and kicking it out of dangerous territory. Coleford started up the field

again. The Crimson was pinning her hopes to straight, slashing football, and the much-touted Verndale line was getting a terrific hammering.

"All this time, her cheeks flaming, her eyes sparkling, the sister screamed her applause, and wildly waved her crimson banner. 'Isn't it grand? Look, look, there goes Jack! Oh! they've caught him! No, they haven't! Jack! Jack!! Go on! Oh, he's down. See, mother, they can't stop him. He's going to win.'

"The mother didn't see, that is, she didn't see plainly. Her eyes blurred when her boy went into that mass of men. They were throwing her boy down. They were hurting her boy! Oh! why would he play that horrible game? She shrank within her great coat, and her crimson banner dropped. She didn't care whether Coleford won or lost. She didn't care about the glory of the crimson. She feared for her boy!

"At every play the Verndale defense singled out Rivers, and each time several men attempted to 'box' him. Verndale had worked up a defense in view of keeping *one man* out of the play, and were 'roughing' him and 'landing on' him. It was thrilling to see that immense fellow dash into the blue line, crash against an opponent or two, and, by main strength, drag along a foe until crushed by numbers. To those in the stands, it looked like victory for Coleford through Rivers' brilliant plunges, but those on the field knew that Rivers was being treated mercilessly, and that many times on the bottom of the pile blows had been struck! As Coleford neared the Verndale goal line, the second period ended, and both teams went to their respective dressing rooms. Neither had scored, and neither seemed to have an appreciable advantage. Each had demonstrated that she could carry the ball, and each one's defense had tightened at critical moments.

"When it was time to return to the

field, there were eleven Verndale men who intended to fight to the last gasp and, at any cost, to win. There were ten Coleford men who knew that they would meet dirty football, played to put their 'star' out of the game, and they had determined to 'show their fight' and 'wallop 'em back.' There was one Coleford man who knew that the eleven men on the other side were 'after' him, and who had decided to play the game as hard as he could and beat the dirty work of his opponents by hard, fast playing.

"In the second half, Coleford played a kicking game. Rivers' good right foot sent the ball nearer and nearer Verndale's goal. At last Coleford had the ball on Verndale's seventeen-yard line, and started for a touchdown. Rivers carried the ball as many as three out of four times. The Verndale men were furious, playing like wild men, piling on Rivers and maltreating him. The officials were at their wits' ends. They had penalized, but both sides were offenders, and the dirty play still went on. They disliked to disgrace a man before that big crowd by sending him to the side lines, but they threatened man after man. Frequently play was suspended to allow an injured player to recover enough to resume play, and several times Rivers was the man who laid out flat and still.

"It was first down, and the ball was on Verndale's ten-yard line. Again Rivers was called upon to break through the opposing line. Crash! he went into the Verndale guard, who tackled him low as he hit the line. The Verndale secondary man dived and caught him high, and, as they came to the earth, a fist crashed into his face. No cry, no outburst escaped his lips. As they lay on him, he said, 'Come on, fellow, cut that, will you?' The burly Verndale guard jeered hoarsely and cried out, 'Aw, listen to the quitter. He's showing

his yellow now. We'll get you, you quitter, we'll get you!' The play netted Coleford four yards.

"It was second down and the ball was on Verndale's six-yard line. The Coleford quarter-back dared not trust the ball to another back, but felt confident that Rivers would gain his distance, and so continued to use him. Again Rivers dashed for the center, but there was no hole there, so he plunged over the line. As he struck the ground, his feet in the air, his head doubled under him and he rolled over, unconscious. When he revived, his time limit of two minutes was up, and he bravely staggered to his position.

"It was third down, and the ball was on Verndale's two-yard line. The Coleford quarter-back feared lest Rivers should not be strong enough to carry the ball over. Nevertheless, he looked into his eyes and repeated the former signals. Smash! Rivers struck the line, and a hurtling body flashed under him as he dived again, but a Verndale man, diving from the opposite direction, met him in the air. This time, his shoulders and hips twisted in opposite directions, Rivers did not revive.

"They substituted a man for Rivers, and he kicked the goal, so the score stood, Coleford six and Verndale nothing. The third period soon ended. The fourth period does not interest us. The rough play continued, and the inside dirty work went on. It would have been disgraceful for the supporters of the two teams to have known the inside of that game, but they could not tell what was going on at the bottom of the pile!

"But to return to the mother and sister at the last of the third period. Straining their eyes to see to the far end of the field, they made out the limp body of their loved one carried off between two of his comrades. They knew that he must be badly hurt. The mother's eyes moistened, but, biting her lips, she

bravely kept back the burning tears. Her cheeks blanched more than ever, and she rose in her place, looking lovingly toward her boy. The sister let her crimson banner droop for the first time throughout the day. Alarm seized her, and she turned to her mother, her face clearly showing her anxiety. Without daring to speak, they made their way down through the unfeeling crowd. Somebody jostled the sister as she edged through the congested aisle. Her pennant became caught between two people and she let it drop, unheeded, to be trampled under foot.

"Straight to the college infirmary they hurried. The doctors were working over Rivers when they arrived, and, after a heart-breaking delay, the report was brought to them that, although his spine was badly fractured, they hoped to save his life.

"Silently, sorrowfully, they watched and prayed beside that sick bed throughout the night, hoping for a return of consciousness and a sign of recognition. Finally, by sheer exhaustion, the daughter was compelled to seek rest. The older woman, driven on by the true mother-instinct, watched on during the day and, in spite of the protests of her daughter and the advice of the physicians, far into the night. The form on the cot still breathed, still lived, and, therefore, there was hope.

"At last their unceasing vigil was rewarded. With the returning day, consciousness came to him. He awoke, saw them, and smiled feebly. As soon as possible he was removed to his home, but, although he received unsurpassable care, it was months before he was able to be moved about in a wheel-chair. Specialists have tried to help him, but all have failed. He cannot move hand or foot, and there seems to be no hope for any further recovery. He must live on, unable to help himself in any way, dependent upon his mother and sister, but, as you see, there is nothing

that they will not do for him."

"Doctor Reynolds wanted at the 'phone!" called a bell-boy in a sing-song voice, as he went about the veranda. My acquaintance rose.

He was gone. I was left alone in a dark corner of the veranda, thinking hard. A young man of excellent character, marvelous physique, and promising prospects has been robbed of all

chances of success. An adoring mother has consecrated the remainder of her life to the care of her disabled son. A loving sister, formerly glorying in her brother's victories, has sacrificed worldly pleasure to better take care of her now helpless brother. Three lives, then, in this single case, are the spoils of dirty football!

W. B. D. '12

A DECLAIMER.

A DECLAIMER is a highly vociferous animal, which should usually be shunned. Sometimes, however, much pleasure may be derived in the presence of one of these "almost human" creatures because of its queer and unexpected antics. Generally speaking, declaimers may be divided into two distinct classes: the conservative, and the radical parties. The great majority are in the conservative party, which is composed of very tame-looking specimens who, under ordinary circumstances, may be approached without fear. By far the more dangerous of the two, however, are the radicals. These are, *mirabile dictu*, fast becoming extinct. Like politicians in the crisis of an election, these various disturbers of the peace rave incoherently and murderously during the period of their activity, disregarding all laws of sanity and people's rights. Nevertheless, they are encouraged by all alike, who watch their crazy antics with some degree of satisfaction and delight, while innumerable authors of repute are being wickedly slaughtered before their very eyes! Will humanity never come to itself?

The conservative class may, perhaps, be called bashful. It is not unusual to see one of these falter, blush deeply, and retire into privacy almost before one has had a chance to admire his delicate features, carefully combed hair, and sweet, melodious voice. Then a-

gain, instances are not wanting of self-made specimens who feel tremendously slighted when corrected for a grave error or called upon for a second performance. They invariably have a most awkward posture of defiance and scorn, with tightly knitted brows, on the whole giving the appearance of dogged determination and an untiring resourcefulness which becomes evident by startling bursts of enthusiasm. The pity of it is that these sudden sallies are not lasting, thus affording a chance of learning something more definite about them, but, being only momentary and untimely, the only conclusion to be drawn is that of a possibility of hidden power and a lack of the aggressive spirit shown in the more advanced stages of the animal. Science has shown these creatures to be forgetful and careless, thus rendering them of no use in the promotion of good literature or in the advancement of the art of oratory, and they may even be considered harmful in this respect. Many of this species show the *marks* of inability and deficiency inflicted by their trainers. It may be added, however, that the keepers have thus far received no violence at their hands.

But by far the more interesting and at the same time the more dangerous of the two parties are the radicals. Their actions are accounted for by no one, not even themselves. Rash, vicious, defiant, unceasingly at variance with things generally, no one dares arouse

their animosity so far as to address them or cross their intentions. Beware! Crouch low and bide thy time — here comes one of them, stalking about in lordly fashion, his head cocked high, and a look of anguish distorting his vermilion countenance. How his eyes stare! Wildly and insanely, his limbs twitching with emotion, he finally takes his stand in readiness for an exhibition of his prowess. The terrible look in his eyes grows ghastly, he draws his huge bulk up to its full height, opens his cavernous mouth as if to swallow everything in sight, and thunders forth in frightful detonations, easily surpassing the dreadful roar of the king of beasts, the terrific bellowing of a Bengal tiger, or the unspeakable din of the savage wolves. Mark the grandeur of his attitude as he takes us all in with his bulging eyes, and note the marvelous flexibility of his voice. Now his tones are soft, slowly rising as excitement urges him on; and, at last, bursting into madness, the very heavens resound with his shouting — but alas! Much is it to be regretted that these poor creatures are not gifted with more efficient mental faculties. No sooner does the literary world begin to smack of a new era in oratory, than it must be cruelly dis-

appointed by the blundering habits of these remarkable declaimers. But such is life!

We cannot but pity the poor fellow as he sulks off into obscurity, beating his breast and cursing himself aloud. We feel like going up to him, patting him on the shoulder, and saying, "Never mind, old boy, better luck next time," or something to that effect — but woe be to the man who tries it! Yes, the terrible thirst for blood that lurks in the veins of these deadly beasts knows no bounds. Many are the unfortunate victims of their madness — and yet there is no attempt to confine them! More harmful than the faulty political machines of the age, more fearful than the destructive bands of rash-minded suffragettes, more powerful than the great trust companies that ravage the land to barrenness and then find something to plunder, aye, more ruinous than any of these is the great slaughter arising from these heartless declaimers.

We may, indeed, feel thankful that they are fast becoming extinct, and that our mother tongue, the English language, still survives their murderous strains.

W. C. P. '12



"IN this school, which is a very special school indeed, scholarship is the first business. Our most anxious care is that your mental training be taken care of — character first, scholarship second. This is a public school. Your education is free to you and luxuries are to be sacrificed to intellectual training."

STARTING with the January number, "The Register" may be had for the rest of the year — including six issues — for forty cents. It is hoped that many of those who did not subscribe at the first of the year, will take advantage of this offer, handing their money to their Room Reporter before January the tenth.

STORIETTES.

A GIRL'S ACCOUNT OF THE GAME.

OH! yes! I went to the game. Wasn't it perfectly grand? I went with Jack, you know. Yes, I wore a B. L. S. arm-band and carried a purple and white shaker. Jack called before I had finished my breakfast, and I knew he was getting angry because he had to wait, but I simply had to sew a button on my shoe and have mother press my veil. Just imagine me going with one shoe-button out. We left the house at twenty minutes of ten, and you know the game didn't start till ten o'clock. Yes, we had plenty of time, it requires only half an hour to get there from my house.

While we were at Dudley St., I saw Mabel, but I diverted Jack's attention so he didn't see her. If he had seen her he would have stayed with her the whole game, and I shouldn't have enjoyed it a bit. Horrid thing! (Mabel, of course.) On the way over I noticed everybody looked at Jack, and wasn't he the dear that morning. He had one of those soft French hats with a purple and white band; he wore a light purple shirt, dark purple necktie, big gray overcoat, purple and white arm-band, grey gloves, purple stockings, and tan shoes. Oh! he was just splendid! I was proud of him.

We got there and found a seat just in time to see some big boy with a blue sweater kick-off. At least Jack called it the "kick-off." I watched them when the first man caught the ball and tried to run off with it, but the others wouldn't let him. After that I looked at the advertisements, and waved to some boys I knew. All this time Jack was jumping up and down, cheering with the others, and, really, I thought he was

going insane. Whenever he looked as though he was happy I waved my shaker and shouted "Latin — Latin," Once I said "English," and Jack got real cross with me. I know two players on the English High team, but Jack doesn't know that.

Between the first and second quarters the band played, and Jack introduced me to several nice boys. They are going to call some evening. Won't Jack be mad! In the second quarter they put my brother in, and somehow or other he got the ball, and started to run with it. Then the English High boy I know came and threw him on his face and then jumped on his head. I'll *never* NEVER speak to him again. (The E. H. S. player, of course.) But then, that's just like my brother. You can always find him where trouble is thickest.

After a while I got tired of looking at the advertisements, and couldn't get any satisfaction from Jack, so I just chatted with the girl beside me, and learned a lovely way to make a Christmas present for Jack out of scraps of silk. Oh! it's just the most beautiful plan!

After a while it was over, and we started home. I couldn't step down the bottom step of the "bleachers," I think Jack called them "bleachers," so Jack lifted me down. My new hobble is so tight. He's so strong and handsome! We had a hot chocolate before taking the car, and I noticed the button I sewed on my shoe that morning had come off. I nearly died, I was so mortified. When Jack was leaving, he said he'd call. Won't we have the grandest time talking it all over? The score? Oh! yes. Both sides scored nothing, so Jack said.

F. J. G. '12.

AN AEROPLANE RIDE.

I WAS standing near a Bleriot airship, admiring its graceful lines, one afternoon, and I happened to look up at the driver. His face seemed anxious. Being bold, I asked him what the trouble was.

He replied that his mechanic had not put in an appearance, and that he must fly in a few minutes, as he was due at Squantum at four-fifty. It was then four-thirty, or thereabouts. I said that I had a pretty good idea of a gasoline engine, as I ran an automobile, and that I would be very glad to go up with him, provided he would let me. This seemed to delight him, and he told me to jump in.

The engine started, all the time gaining momentum, and we were rolling faster and faster over the ground; when he saw that the machine had sufficient speed, he tilted the planes, and we were off.

Up, up we went, making a spiral, until soon we had reached an altitude of about six hundred feet, then, swooping as gracefully as a swallow, we started ahead at a fast clip.

When we had gone about twenty miles in this way, I noticed a peculiar, crackling noise back of the engine; upon turning around, I saw, to my horror, that the tail of the machine was on fire; the cause was a cigar stump that the driver had carelessly tossed over his shoulder, thinking it would drop to the ground. I immediately called his attention to the fact. He lost his head, and pulled a lever that made us rise instead of fall; meanwhile the fire was steadily approaching. Reaching over, I grabbed the first lever that came to my hand.

The machine did a series of triple somersaults, and I went out — shooting through space! Down, down, down! Was there no end to my fall?

Looking below me, I saw a high church steeple with a sharp weather-vane on

top of it; it was directly underneath! I must strike it and be transfixed! Oh! I struck! What a terrible pain —!

"Get up, you lazy boy; that's the third time I've stuck that pin into you! Do you want to be late for school?"

W. W. D. '12.

THE FIRST DRESS-SUIT.

THE old, white-haired man watched his son dress up in a dress-suit. It was the first time that the young man had worn one. How distinctly the old man remembered! This was his thought, as he leaned back in his chair:—

"Ah, well I remember! I had just turned eighteen, and thought, as I read an invitation to a party, that I would be the 'hit' of the evening if I appeared in father's dress-suit. Well, I put it on, and say — I weighed about one hundred and twenty, whereas father weighed two hundred, so you see that I had to pad the shirt a bit, turn up the legs, and stretch my arms to their uttermost in order to show some part of me. Just as I finished dressing, mother came into my room, and I had hard work to persuade her not to tell father.

"At length I arrived at the house where the festivities were to be held, and I certainly surprised everybody when I took off my over-coat and stood before the party. Everyone tittered, but I didn't mind that, for I was walking on air. At length coffee and cake were passed around, and when your mother, then the prettiest maid in the land, was about to serve me, somebody jerked her arm, and the whole tray of cups of coffee was spilt on my *father's* suit. I stood there, the picture of despair, and the tears were just beginning to creep down my cheeks. Suddenly father himself burst into the room, but he was so angry that the 'dressing-down' I expected was never given, because on the road home, and, let me tell you, my ear was very

sore by that time, for his fingers were not exactly gentle, he saw the ludicrous side of it, and I was saved. Mother comforted me after I had gone to bed, and told me that, while I was gone, father had received an urgent call to meet the grand-master of his lodge at a formal smoke-talk, and that she could not stop him from following me. After she left me, I heard father say, 'a regular chip off the old block.'

"But I married the girl, after all."
F. J. G. '12.

A NATURE STUDY.

ONE morning I woke at seven o'clock just as the sun was rising. Going to the window, I saw it rise in all its majestic splendor. First, the dull, gray mantle of the night was slowly lifted, and its "thousand eyes" twinkled feebly, then vanished, and were supplanted by a mellow tint of golden yellow. A fiery ray of shimmering light shot into sight above the horizon; then another, and still more reinforced this glorious harbinger of Day and announced the glad tidings that Morn had come!

Faint, rosy streaks of light glowed in mellow tinted tones of pink above the horizon, then a blazing orb of light mounted steadily above the distant, purpled hills, rising higher and higher, until Apollo, in all his glory, rode in his fiery chariot into the azure arc of the heavens.

Slowly it mounted the illimitable span of the firmament, sending small, fleecy clouds off into space and asserting its supremacy over all.

Beneath its gratifying warmth, Nature woke! Far in the distance, a rooster crowed lustily in the exuberance of his spirits; the pigeons commenced to bill and coo in the agreeable warmth of the sunlight. The flowers tossed their multi-colored petals in the fragrant morning zephyr; and the trees swayed

their tops in stately obeisance, while here and there a farmer's cart creaked and jolted on its way to the city where the farmer disposed of Nature's kind gifts. The herdsman led his bleating charges through the undulating waves of grass and clover; and soon the hum and bustle and clamor of life made themselves heard.

E. A. W. '15

THE DREAMER.

FRED GOODWIN was known to all his friends as a dreamer. He was quite easily carried away by fascinating sights and strange lures. Several times he had come near losing his life because of his dreaming while dangers threatened. He would stand in the middle of the street, forgetting where he was, and gaze at some distant object. Aside from this fault, he was an excellent fellow, well-liked, and he moved in best society. But his one fault made it hard for him to secure a position of trust, and, as his father had left him well off, he had given up the idea of working for a living.

Early in the summer of 189—, he embarked for England with a jolly party of friends. After viewing the sights of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the party went over to the continent, and France, Germany, and Switzerland were visited.

It was a little after noon, on the 12th day of August, that the party arrived at a little inn in a small hamlet in Switzerland. Without stopping from his journey, Fred started off with his unfortunate characteristic of a dreamer leading him on to a distant peak of the Alps range.

After exploring, climbing, and walking over the Alpine country, he paused a moment at the top of a high peak to gaze at the splendor of the sunset. He was fascinated beyond expectation by the streaks of sunlight shining on the snow-capped hills beyond.

He seated himself on a rock, and gazed, dreaming of other sunsets. He had not noticed that the rock upon which he was seated was unstable. He was looking at the sunset. Suddenly there was a crunching noise, and, without any warning, the rock with Fred Goodwin plunged into the valley below. There was no outcry. It all happened in a flash of a second.

Below in the valley lay the crushed form of the dreamer. They found him there the next day, gazing up into the sky, with a sweet smile upon his face, dreaming still.

R. C. K. '13.

CLEAR GRIT.

THERE were only four more days till the game with Eaton Academy, which was to decide the championship, and Belton Prep. School presented a sorry-looking spectacle. It was not enough that Jordan, the great end, and Kimball the best man on the line should be on the hospital list, but Tom Jones fractured a rib in practice and shattered all hope of a championship cup among the school trophies.

Jordan and Kimball would be missed sadly enough, but to have Jones, captain and quarterback, out, seemed to take the very heart out of the team.

Till now, Belton had fine prospects of a victory and this was indeed a blow. After his injury in a scrimmage, when the men waiting outside the locker building heard that his rib was fractured, they groaned aloud.

"There goes all hope of winning," said Billie Austin. "Young Walters is a very good quarter, but he is not Tom Jones."

Thursday morning, the day on which the game was to be played, dawned clear and cold, an ideal day for football. Tom had begged and pleaded with the doctor to let him go to the field and watch the game from the side lines, and

probably would have begged in vain, had not the doctor plainly seen the look of disappointment on the lad's face, and then again, he thought that the sight of their captain might cheer the team.

At the very start, Eaton, receiving the "kickoff," ran it back to the thirty-yard line, and, with six plunges, put the ball over the line for the first score. This discouraged the Belton boys and they seemed to go to pieces. Walters the sub-quarter-back was nervous, and several times fumbled passes which he should have handled easily. By dint of luck Belton had scored on a punt fumbled by Eaton's half-back, and this with a field goal by Carter, Eaton's quarter-back, left the score at the end of the first half, Eaton 9 — Belton 6.

In the intermission, Tom Jones went to the locker room with the team and gave a long talk to the boys, which braced them up considerably. When they went to the field again, he detained the coach, and said, "Now, look here, we have succeeded in raising their hopes a little, but that won't amount to much. Something more effectual must be done. Let me put on my uniform and go to the bench with them. They will think I am going to play, and that will put more life in their work. I know the Doc. won't like it, but he won't come out and stop me."

After much persuasion, Williams agreed.

This did have its effect, but, nevertheless, the third quarter ended with the same score, and the ball was on Belton's eight-yard line, in Eaton's possession.

During the rest between quarters, Jones and coach Williams were seen in heated conversation. Just as the bell rang for continuation of play, Tom made one final entreaty. Williams nodded his head in the affirmative.

To everyone's surprise and uncontrollable joy, Tom was in his old place at quarter. However, there were many

misgivings, and in several cases the coach was severely criticized.

Belton held like a wall and got the ball on her own five-yard line. Tom sent Willis, the right half-back, through centre, but he fumbled when he was tackled, and the ball bounded towards midfield. Jones and an Eaton man rushed after it, and Tom, snatching it from the very feet of his opponent, raced for the goal. He had a clear field but for two Eaton men, who were directly in front of him, one about twenty yards behind the other. He dodged sharply to the right, and cleared the first of the two, but in so doing he felt something snap in his side. It was his rib again, but he knew he could not stop, so he tore on. With every step his breath cut like a knife. He set his teeth, and prepared for the crash that he knew was inevitable when that last

man tackled him. Five yards more! One yard more! His eyes blurred, his face twitched, a groan escaped through his clenched teeth. Crash! He felt a pain like the burning of a hot iron in his side, and everything grew dark before him.

He knew nothing more till he woke lying in a little white bed in the school hospital, the doctor leaning over him.

"Did we win?" he whispered.

"Yes," said the doctor, "but you nearly finished yourself, my boy. I warned you. I didn't want you to go to the field at all, and you came close to playing your last game." Tom had placed the ball on Eaton's thirty-two yard line, and his team, inspired with new vigor, literally hurled themselves over the remaining distance, and made the deciding score.

B. A. L. '13.

LUNCH!

When we hear a slight sound,
Then our eyes give a bound,
Though it is but the tick of the clock;
For we always are quick
To interpret that tick,
And to think of provisional stock.

Promptly closing the book,
We cast many a look
At the master so slow and so calm;
And we chafe at delay,
With a lunch check to pay,
Clasped closely in each hidden palm.

With a casual view,
And a swallow, or two,
We are given permission to start —
There's a clatter of feet,
As each leaps from his seat,
Plunging on down the hall like a dart!

Then we shoot down the stairs,
As if free from all cares
To be first if we can at the door;
For really we must
Have our dinner or bust!—
Your clemency, sirs, we implore!
A. L. C. '12.

ALLUSIONS.

WE shall start this column by a series of definitions intended to be ridiculous and we may even go so far as to say that they are supposed to provoke that curious distortion of the countenance known as the smile. If, however, anyone finds that he cannot smile at our supposed humor, he may know that his idea of humor is far superior to ours. Therefore, if he should concoct some jokes which he thinks laughable, and should hand them to his Room Reporter for this column, the value of the column would be materially increased. If, on the other hand, no one expresses his dislike of our jokes by writing some which he thinks are better, we can take it for granted that we are highly successful in our efforts to please eight hundred fellows, and can rejoice in the fact that "The Register" interests its subscribers. If it does not, it is up to you to make it!

* * * *

If any one is troubled about the meaning of any term used in connection with school life, let him tell his Room Reporter his difficulty, and we shall try to make it clear to him in the next month's issue.

* * * *

THE so-called setting-up exercises consist of a series of manoeuvres, primarily intended to test the durability of boys' suspender-buttons, collar-buttons, shoe-strings, and trousers. Through distortion, however, resulting principally from a lack of will power on the part of the boys, and a rise in the price of buttons, the sole endeavor now seems to be to obtain bodily elasticity. "Sapolio" and kerosene have, thus far, proven most satisfactory for removing the rust.

* * * *

THE word "recitation" is misconstrued

by many. It comes from *re* and *cito* meaning *something cited again, a reproduction*. We dare not go further in its definition, for, in this connection, it is always spoken of in whispers.

* * * *

A LOCKER is an improvised cell in which criminals are hung for cheating. Each contains one set of brass springs into which the head of the victim is snapped. A little copper drip-pan is in place below to catch the blood. Of late the number of criminals has become so large, and offences so numerous, that a locker is assigned and a key entrusted to each student, who is depended upon to do his own hanging. This move has proven fatal, however, for our ingenious youths now deceive the keepers by hanging their coats, instead of themselves, in the lockers. Red ink is used in the copper drip-pans. Thus a person thinks nothing of hanging himself every day in the week — whence the expression "hang it."

* * * *

A REPORT card is an ill-omened chart, depicting the temperature of a boy's cranium. An ordinary mercury thermometer cannot be used in the process, but it requires a substance known as carbonitrate of gray matter. A low temperature denote, a cool, passive interest in the works whereas a high one shows the boy to be in quite a passion over his studies. It may be added that the report is made out in various languages.

* * * *

MISSING — a poor wretch who said that a hobble skirt was a bad *habit* to get into. Come, Frenchies, he's one of you!

THE drinking fountains, recently installed in our sinks, deserve particular mention. They are invaluable in teaching the boys the rudiments of washing the face, although the pressure is very low at first so as not to discourage the little ones.

Then again the appearance of the school as a whole is materially improved. On the other hand, the drinking fountains are a great menace to our prosperous lunch room, for many can now get a fine substitute for cocoa without any charge.

* * * *

PURPLE and white are two colors of such a combination as to prompt boys of the Latin School to wear yellow and green socks with pink necktie to match. Thereby, I am told, they show their

loyalty to the school.

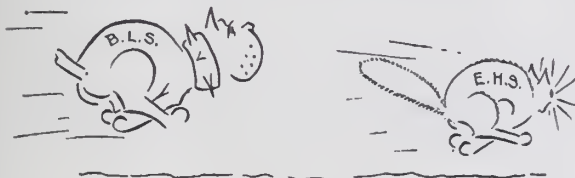
* * * *

WITH some, the home-lesson is of daily — rather, nightly — occurrence. Strictly speaking, however, it takes place but once a month, upon the appearance of the report card before the relentless parent. It consists partially in a warming of the nether portion of the body, and a boxing of the ears. This is considered excellent exercise on a cold morning, and generally results in a complete thawing of the boy's feet. One dose should be taken each month for the best results!

* * * *

WE stopped cribbing when we left our mother's arms — we sleep on the floor now.

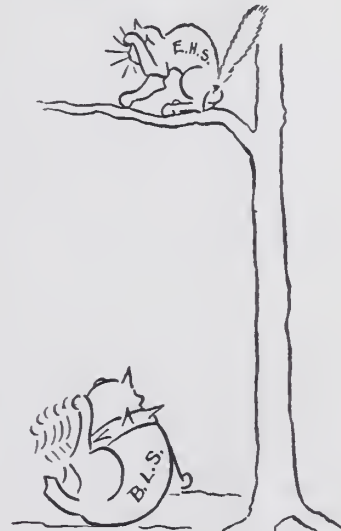
WELL, THE CAT WAS LUCKY — THAT'S ALL!



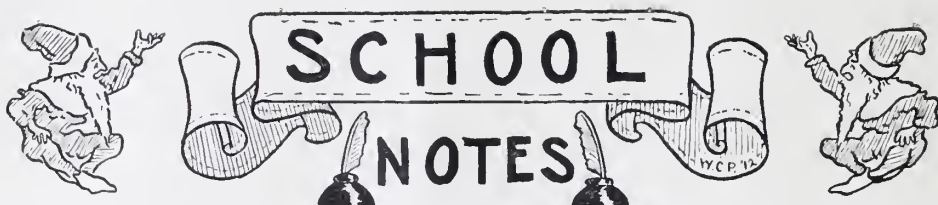
I. Looks bad for the cat!



II. Cornered!



III. Treed!



SCHOOL

NOTES

WITH a good, big Thanksgiving dinner tucked away under our belts, we feel that we are well able to continue our studies. We who have been pretty close to the margin thus far during the year, do not doubt but that the additional weight that we have put on will tide us over successfully until our next supply of ammunition at Christmas time. There is a certain sense of satisfaction that comes over one when he has a rousing good turkey dinner at his disposal. Why shouldn't he feel that same sense of satisfaction when he has a Latin lesson to tackle? He should, would, and could! Come, then, let us get the most out of our work, and let this month's report be a record to rejoice over, instead of a mar to the happiness of our Christmas holidays.

* * * *

WE take this opportunity to congratulate the football team for its good work this year, in spite of the many handicaps it has had. Much praise is due to Coach Fred O'Brien for the way in which he handled the team, and Capt. A. A. Tate also comes in for his share as undisputed tackle on the all-scholastic combination.

* * * *

A WELL-attended mass meeting was held to rehearse the songs and yells in preparation for the great Thanksgiving game, on Wednesday, November 29, in the Exhibition Hall. Mr. Penny-packer, Mr. French, and Capt. A. A. Tate, among others, each gave a short, inspiring address. A spirited exhibition of lung power followed which had to be concluded before long on account of

the trepidation of some as to the lasting qualities of the building, and the eagerness of the participants to contribute to the band!

* * * *

THE Latin School attended the Thanksgiving game in a body, and had at their disposal a large band. All those who contributed for the band deserve many thanks, and we feel sure that they do not regret having done so. It was good to see the spirit shown at the game, and it must have helped the team considerably.

* * * *

It is, indeed, hard to get up these cold mornings in time for school, and one must battle long and sharply with his conscience before he can persuade himself to leave the comfortable blankets. But cold weather does have its merits, for, as Dr. Groce said in behalf of English, "the bursting of a water pipe gives one a great command of language!"

* * * *

YES, boys, the pin committee is still alive and kickin', even though they don't make any noise — padded cell, you know!

* * * *

It is noteworthy — worthy of the "note column," so to speak — to see the interest which some undergraduates take in their school paper. Come, the rest of you, don't be backward!

FASHION NOTE:—

Four-in-hands are going out, and foot-ball ties are being commonly worn this fall in Eastern College and Secondary School circles. They are tied in double noughts.

* * * *

At the last Public Declamation, we had the pleasure of listening to "Bits of Remick's Hits," played by Bergheim, Berman, and Lesser, violins, Levy, cornet, and Marsh, piano.

* * * *

At a recent Monday-morning assembly, Mr. Stockdale delivered a short lecture on morals. His chief points were: get someone's advice before getting into trouble; and, "only *live* fish can swim upstream."

* * * *

"In going to and from the drill, do not straggle." Every company is dismissed from the drill-hall in time for the boys to get to the next recitation.

Tardiness shows not only disregard for the convenience of both teachers and pupils, but also carelessness in observing that very exactness and promptitude which the military work teaches.

* * * *

At a meeting of the graduating class, it was decided to have a class pin. The committee chosen consists of Bean, Packard, Gillis, Tate, and Colby.

* * * *

C. G. SEVERY is Drum Major. We have not heard the Drum Corps on exhibition yet, but we judge from the sound of its practising that it will have a successful year.

* * * *

R. C. Kelly and Robert Duncan, Jr., have been appointed Associate editors from Class II.

* * * *

Craven was elected Captain of the 1912-1913 foot-ball team.

ALUMNI.

It is of interest to us to watch the activities of the Boston Latin Club of Harvard College, a club including a number of Latin school graduates who give a large amount of their time in the interest of their former *Alma Mater*. Much of the work of the club consists in helping Latin School boys, who enter Harvard, to get initiated into college work. A meeting of the club was called on Nov. 28, by Howie, B. L. S. '07 the president, with an attendance of perhaps fifty, including many Freshmen, to make

arrangements for attending the Boston Latin — English High football game, at which they were present in good numbers. Much credit is due them for the considerable help rendered in making the cheering section at the game successful. The club also contributed about twelve dollars toward the expense of hiring a band for the game. We wish, in behalf of the school, to thank Pres. Howie and Sec. Wilson for the interest they showed in their old school, and they may feel sure that their efforts were appreciated.

A NUMBER of the alumni attended the annual Thanksgiving game with the English High school, and they showed much spirit. Most prominent among them were representatives of the classes '04, '09, and '11, each of which had its own class yell. It is good to feel the enthusiasm shown by those whose relations to this school have been cognate to ours, and who, although they have completed their course here, still have an affectionate regard for their *alma mater*.

* * * *

ARTHUR DEXTER BRIGHAM, '08, has been assisting the committee of the Harvard Municipal League. Francis S. Wyner, '09, received in 1909 honorable mention for an essay on a subject connected with municipal government.

* * * *

MAJOR HENRY L. HIGGINSON, '51, president of the Harvard Club of Boston, died November 18.

* * * *

C. B. HIBBARD, '02, is with the American Locomotive Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

* * * *

THE Latin School was represented in the Harvard-Dartmouth foot-ball game by Elcock, left tackle of the Dartmouth team. Elcock was captain of the Latin School team in 1908.

* * * *

B. G. WATERS, '90, is one of Harvard's foot-ball coaches.

* * * *

J. D. BRYANT, '51, G. Morse, '64, W. T. Piper, '70, and F. L. Codman, '86, died recently.

CHARLES STRECKER, '76, was the Democratic candidate for Treasurer of Massachusetts. He was not elected.

* * * *

HAROLD C. DELONG, '89, was recently married.

* * * *

RALPH H. HALLETT, 1900, has been appointed deputy assistant district attorney by district attorney Pelletier.

* * * *

DR. CARL S. OAKMAN, B. L. S. '96, is president of the Harvard Club in Michigan.

* * * *

WILLIAM W. SWAN, '55, and Alfred S. Dabney, '67, died recently.

* * * *

D. J. HURLEY, B. L. S. '01, is one of the coaches of the Harvard football team.

* * * *

THOMAS TILSON BALDWIN, '74, is one of a committee in charge of the prize contest for essays on Harvard's Problems.

* * * *

DR. E. H. NICHOLS, B. L. S. '82, is a member of the committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports at Harvard for 1911-1912.

* * * *

HERBERT WINSLOW SMITH, '09, now in Harvard, was married last June to May Knowles Chapman. Smith was Editor-in-chief of the *Register* in his graduating year.

* * * *

ROBERT WEINER, '08, and George Hussey Gifford, '09, are among the newly elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard.

ATHLETICS.

BEVERLY 6

B. L. S. 11

In the first half of the game the Latin School team was outplayed by its opponents. The Beverly High School combined with a heavy line a fairly light and very fast backfield. It was in this half that they scored their only touchdown of the game. In the second half however, it was an entirely different story. During the last two periods the Latin School completely outshone their opponents and had little difficulty in scoring two touchdowns.

* * * *

SALEM 0.

B. L. S. 11.

THE Salem game can hardly be considered a fair test of the Latin School's real ability. The Latin School men outweighed their opponents, man for man, and because of their greater weight, were able to open big holes in their opponents' line. The Latin School's score was made in the first period. A forward pass to Saladine worked to perfection and a goal was an easy matter. King secured the next touchdown.

* * * *

LOWELL 5

B. L. S. 0

THE Latin School team, although composed for the most part of substitutes, made a very creditable showing in their game with the Lowell High School. The ball was in the opposing team's territory during nearly the entire game and it was only through a lucky forward pass that the Lowell team was enabled to score. The work of several men in this game was very encouraging and promised well for their future success. Captain Tate played his usual strong game at tackle and many times was down the field before his ends. King and Colby also played a good game.

B. L. S. 5

MECHANIC ARTS 0

This game proved to be the fastest of the season as well as one of the closest. Hardly had the game begun when Latin school recovered the ball on Mechanic Arts' twenty-five yard line. A finely executed tackle play netted ten yards, followed by a shift formation which placed the ball on the six-yard line. A spectacular delayed pass made the goal. The goal was not kicked. No more scoring took place, but Mechanic Arts several times threatened the Latin School's goal. Great credit is due Captain Tate for the fine manner in which he played. It might almost be said that his fast playing saved the Latin School from defeat. Mooney of the Mechanic Arts combination forced the playing at all stages, but many of his long runs were admirably stopped by Wescholofsky.

* * * *

E. H. S. 0

LATIN. 0

THE game with the English High School was a disappointment to many of the Latin School fellows who expected to see the High School "trimmed," or in other words, decisively beaten. Those fellows may be assured that the same feeling is shared by the members of the team who, likewise, had somewhat that same expectation. In fact the English High School team was a surprise, and showed a very strong line, which, to a great extent, accounts for the Latin School's inability to score. It was owing to the fact that several times English High men were through the line to block his kicks, that King was forced to hasten his work, and make a rather poor showing. On the exchange of kicks the Latin School must have lost, on an average, ten to fifteen yards.

The Latin School received the kick-off and for the greater part of the first half the ball was in their territory. Barnard, the English High half-back, tried several drop kicks during these first two periods, but they were all failures.

In the second half the English High School again kicked off, and it was then that the Latin School showed much better playing. Several long runs brought the ball up to their opponent's goal, but the boys were unable to push their way over for a touchdown. Their work in this period was far ahead of that displayed in the former, and was deserving of success, but whenever a man

seemed to have a clear field before him, an English High player happened along and bowled him over. Perhaps the Latin School team's best play was their shift, which affords the runner a strong defense. It was by this play that they gained several yards.

The game was remarkably free from injuries and only one player, Goodman of the English High School, was forced to leave the field. For the Latin School McCarthy, Soucy, and Wescolofsky played a strong game, while Barnard and Murphy excelled for the English High School.

TRACK.

Now that the football season has come to an end and the players have had some time to recover, Manager Vinal of the track team issues a call for candidates. In the past the school has been represented by a few fellows who came out year after year and won their places, partly through hard work, and partly through merit. The majority of the school was content to let these fellows share the burden of turning out a successful team, and accorded them but tolerable support. It is not with such spirit that success can be attained, and to track as well as to football is due the support of every fellow in the school. Comparisons are indeed distasteful, but they often serve their purpose, and when we recall the fact that the Latin School track team was unable to compete with that of the English High School last year because it was feared that the English High School's was so much the superior that there would be but little interest in a meeting between the two teams, we must surely wonder.

No one has ever thought a Latin School team unworthy of competing with her sister school in football or baseball, but in track matters we seem to be wanting. Now although there are more fellows in the English High School, and although book-keeping, drawing, and short-hand do not suggest long sleepless nights of grinding study such as one must devote to—well, Greek, for instance—nevertheless, the Latin School fellows have no excuse for their lukewarm appreciation of the track-team manager's earnest efforts. Both Vinal and Captain Phelan urge every fellow at least to come out for the team though they be somewhat doubtful of their ability. The ones who heard Coach O'Brien's talk in the hall last year will remember what he said of the fellow who too rashly judges his own worth. Let every one respond and this year there will be no cancellation of the meet with English High.

H. M. H. '12

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